

Peninsula Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

JNO. W. EDMONDS,
Owner and Editor.

Subscription Rates.
1 Copy, one year.....\$1 00
1 " six months..... 60
1 " one year..... 5 00
and a copy for six months free to the
one sending club.
10 copies, one year.....\$10 00
and a free copy to the sender.

Advertising Rates.
1 Inch, one insertion.....\$1 00
1 " three "..... 1 75
1 " one year..... 7 50

For larger advertisements
for a longer time made known on applica-
tion.
A cross mark on your paper indicates
that your subscription has expired, or
is due, and you are respectfully solicited
to renew or remit.

Commissioners or business men
of any class in Baltimore, New York,
Philadelphia or Boston, can reach more
truckers and farmers through the columns
of THE ENTERPRISE than in any
other way.

John J. Gantner. John W. G. Blackstone.

GUNTER & BLACKSTONE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,
will practice in the Courts of Accomack
and Northampton counties.

John Neely, Upshur B. Quinby,
ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,
NEELY & QUINBY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,
practice in the Courts on the Eastern
Shore of Va. Prompt attention given
to the collection of claims.

L. FLOYD NOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,
will practice in all courts of Accomack
and Northampton counties. Prompt
attention to all business.

JOHN W. EDMONDS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,
N. J. W. LECATO,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Postoffice SAVAGEVILLE.
Will resume the practice of his profes-
sion in the Counties of Accomack and
NORTHAMPTON.

JUDGE GEO. T. GARRISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ACCOMAC C. H., Va.

Has resumed the active practice of
his profession and solicits the patronage
of his friends. Office—opposite the
private entrance of the Waddy Hotel.

DR. LEWIS J. HARMANSON,
—DENTIST—
Office—Market St., near Baptist church,
ONANCOCK,

Accomack county, Va.

BLACKSTONE & BELL,
ACCOMAC C. H., Va.,

DRUGGISTS
A FULL LINE OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,
kept on hand for sale at lowest prices.

INSURANCE

The undersigned, in the interest
of the VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE
and VIRGINIA FIRE AND MAR-
INE Insurance Companies, will
make frequent visits to Accomack
and will be glad to have the patron-
age of those desiring their risks
carried by good companies. All
communications promptly attended to.

Respectfully,
G. G. SAVAGE, Agent,
Eastville, or Shady Side, North-
ampton county, Va.

KELLAM'S HOTEL.

BELL HAVEN,
Accomack county, Va.

A. W. KELLAM, PROPRIETOR.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

Livery Stables attached, and trav-
elers conveyed to any point on the
Peninsula of Virginia.

Rupert T. Christian

WACHAPREAGUE, VA.

Bricklayer & Plasterer,

Offers his services to the public by
the day or contract. Will furnish all
material when desired. He has had sev-
eral years experience as a practical work-
man and will guarantee satisfaction.

Fowler, Foote & Co.

Manufacturers of

FISH GUANO

CEDAR ISLAND,

ACCOMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA,

Wish to call the attention of the farm-
ers of Accomack and Northampton
counties to their different grades of

Pure Fish Guano,

all of which they are prepared to supply
those wishing a first class fertilizer.
They have established a depository at
Custis' Wharf, Powhatan, where farm-
ers may purchase in quantities to suit.
Prices until further notice, as follows

Dry.....\$25 00
Two-thirds dry 20 00
Green..... 18 00

For further particulars, call on or ad-
dress

E. B. FINNEY, Agent,
LOCUSTMOUNT,
Accomack county, Va.

The Improved White

Sewing Machine

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS

In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival Others blow and try
to put it down, but
IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and
1883, shows that the

People of Accomack Appreciate Its Merits.

I can send you other machines for less
price. Singer pattern, drop leaf and two
drawers, for \$25 00; Wilson, Domestic,
Howe and any other pattern. Will sell
the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6)
drawers, for \$35 00, but I cannot put
it in our line promptly at the price.

Having sold machines for nearly
fourteen years, gives me a chance to
know something of the tricks which
others practice on those who are not
posted in machinery.

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

THE WHITE

BROWNE'S

SUPERIOR

Cedar Island Guano.

The cheapest fertilizer on the
market according to results ascer-
tained by the farmer and chemist.

ANALYSIS.

DR. W. J. GASCOYNE, Chemist.

Moisture det. at 100c..... 10.25
Soluble Phosphoric Acid..... 2.17
Reverted Phosphoric Acid..... 2.17
Available Phosphoric Acid..... 6.63
Insoluble Phosphoric Acid..... 2.45
Nitrogen..... 4.82
AMMONIA..... 5.86
Potash..... 5.05

CEDAR ISLAND GUANO is a
complete manure, containing all the
elements of good plant food, and in
proper proportions, to sustain veg-
etation through the entire period
of its growth, and brings crops to
their full maturity. It has been
found especially good on peas, po-
tatoes and onions, and has given
equal satisfaction on corn and
grass. It is fully up to the standard
of last year, and is registered in
Virginia. It is now ready for de-
livery.

ORRIS A. BROWNE,
Accomack C. H., Va.

CAPT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir:—
I send you a ton of Cedar Island
Guano last year on Corn and can say
that it doubled my crop in corn and po-
tatoes, and my neighbors and all others
who passed the field can testify to it.
It was in very poor land. I think it
paid me well—would like to use two or
three tons this year. Very truly yours,
G. S. Mapp,
Bobbins, January, 26, 1883.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet
potatoes, and I am perfectly well sat-
isfied with the result. I also used it on
Onions and other vegetables with the
best result. W. J. Fosque,
Sturgis, P. O.

Mr. BROWNE—I tried your Cedar Is-
land Guano last Spring on Sweet Po-
tatoes, alongside of other fertilizers, and
think it nearly doubled in yield of any
other used. In fact, if I had not used it,
my potatoes would not have been
worth digging. John J. Ward,
Hadlock, January, 29, 1885.

CAPT. O. A. BROWNE—DEAR SIR:
I used half a bag of your Cedar Island
Guano last year on Sweet Potatoes, and
can truly say it exceeds any fertilizer I
ever used. If I had used it more exten-
sively I am confident it would have
doubled my crop. Will try it again next
season. H. C. Johnson,
Willis' Wharf, January, 29, 1885.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet
and Irish Potatoes and Corn. On the
Irish it was fully equal to Peruvian
Guano, and better than any other fertil-
izer. On the Sweet Potatoes and Corn it
was equal to any fertilizer I have ever used.
Accomack C. H., Va. Thos. Beasley.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Irish
Potatoes, next to Peruvian guano, there
was no difference in the yield of either.
I am of the opinion that with time Ce-
dar Island will yield more. I also put
on Sweet Potatoes, and the results
were satisfactory. Its yield was one-
third more than where I put no guano.
Drummondtown, Wm. W. Coxton.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Peas
by the side of Peruvian Guano, your
guano excelled the Peruvian by far, and
on Irish Potatoes my experience is they
grow longer and yield more; I mean by
growing longer, that the vines do not
give up so early and outyield the Peru-
vian, also applied to Corn, only about
a handful to every three or four hills
with very good results. A. T. James,
Locustville, December, 19, 1884.

I used your guano last year side Peru-
vian guano and other commercial man-
ures, on Irish and Sweet Potatoes, the
Cedar Island was equal to any. I prefer
it for the quality is up to any, and it
costs less money. W. R. Bunting,
Folly Creek, near Drummondtown, Janu-
ary, 9, 1885.

I used one-half ton of Cedar Island
Guano on Irish Potatoes side by side
with Peruvian guano that cost \$60 per
ton of 5,000 pounds and other com-
mercial fertilizers, that on which Cedar Is-
land was used was better than Peruvian,
and there was no comparison with the
other fertilizers. Of course, the long
drought and bugs prevented a full crop
from maturing. E. C. Parkes,
Matomkin, P. O.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Irish
Potatoes with Peruvian Guano, and I
believe it to be equal to the Peruvian.
I also used it on Sweet Potatoes, and the result
was excellent. I am going to use it again.
E. M. Savage,
Bells Neck, October, 9, 1884.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet
and Irish Potatoes with other fertil-
izers, and on Sweet Potatoes I had better results
than any other, and fully as good on
Irish. I am going to use it again next
year. E. W. Kellam,
Sturgis, October, 9, 1884.

I used the Cedar Island Guano on Irish
Potatoes notwithstanding the drought. I
realized at rate of 40 barrels from one
barrel of seed by the use of 3000 pounds
of guano per barrel of seed. I think it
the cheapest and best fertilizer in the
market. I shall continue to use it in the
future. Edwin T. Parks,
Lecomont, Va., October, 28, 1884.

I used your Guano last spring on Irish
potatoes side by side with Peruvian
Guano and yours excelled it by one third
and was green while the others dried al-
most out, from the long drought.

G. J. Northam,
Mostown.

I used your guano last year by the
side of Peruvian guano, the seasons was
bad, the Peruvian started first but the
Cedar Island was fully equal in yield;
and from my observation would have sur-
passed it had it been seasonable.

W. T. Duncan,
Matomkin, P. O.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet
potatoes, at the rate of 200 pounds per
acre, and believe it to be fully up to
anything I have used. Will use it again.
Sturgis, P. O. J. C. Fosque.

I used Cedar Island Guano on Sweet
Potatoes by the side of other fertilizers,
and found it equal to any. E. S. Smith,
Willowdale, October, 9, 1884.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps with a nameless grave;
Where Spring's luxuriant blossoms wave
For Summer's reign is nigh.
The solitude around his tomb
Is beautiful as Eden's bloom
Ere beauty learned to die.

Her fairest and most fragrant flowers
Kind may in bright profusion showers
Upon that lonely spot,
Where the sick heart and weary head
Rest in their last dark, narrow bed,
Forgetting and forgot.

No weeping mourners kneel beside
That lonely grave at even tide,
And hush its holy room,
But oft the hazy dews of night
Lave it in pity, when the light
Of kindling stars appears.

No velvet ones breathe the holy prayer,
But Nature's income fills the air
And seeks the distant sky.
Her artless hymn the song birds sing:
The dreamy hum of insect wings,
Are prayers that never die.

The Editor Sleeps.

HIS DREAM.

Once upon a time a village editor
sat in his quiet sanctum indus-
triously perusing the political editor-
ials in his city exchanges. At
length that which he read began to
have its legitimate effect; the editor
nodded once, twice, three; his
eyes closed; the city daily fell from
his nervous fingers, and three flies
lit upon his bowed head and bal-
anced all, swung corners, crossed
over, and promenade all around,
to the music of the rhythmic editor-
ial snore. The village editor was
asleep; and sleeping, the vil-
lage editor dreamed.

He sat at his desk with weary
fingers and aching head. The last
local item had gone into type, the
last inside reading notice had been
set up, and the youngest appren-
tice stood grimly by, with links of
impatience upon his brow and a
dab of ink under his left eye,
waiting for copy. Suddenly there
was a step without, the door
opened, a man entered, and taking
a vacant chair in front of the editor's
desk, to which the editor has
politely called his attention, and
said:

"My dear sir, my name is John
W. Smith. I am a subscriber to
your paper, as you well know, and
being in town to-day, I thought
I would take the opportunity to call
and tell you that I liked your paper
all but one thing. You don't print
enough matter on the tariff ques-
tion. Poetry and stories and funny
paragraphs and local items may do
well enough to fill up a paper with
in ordinary times, but just now the
country is awake to the tariff ques-
tion, and if you want to keep your
paper alive, you've got to give your
subscribers light on the tariff. You
should not have less than three col-
umns of editorial and five columns
of extracts on the tariff every issue.
That's all I've got to say, and I
hope you'll bear it in mind. By the
way, I owe you two years' sub-
scription, and one of these days I'll
call in and pay it. Don't forget to
let yourself loose on the tariff; good-
bye."

As the man who wanted more
light on the tariff passed out, a lit-
tle, nervous-looking person came in
and took the vacant chair.

"Ah," he said, with a little smile
that didn't look strong enough to be
out, "ah, my dear man, I see you
are absorbed in thought, as an editor
always should be. And that
reminds me that you are neglecting
—almost totally neglecting science.
Too much of politics, too much of
politics, my dear man; your paper
will never grow in circulation while
you neglect science for politics.—
You should devote not less than four
columns a week to science. That's
all I came to say. Be in some day
and pay your subscription. Good
day; but don't forget to give us
plenty of science."

The footsteps of the man who
wanted science had not gone be-
yond the editor's hearing when a
third visitor entered and took the
vacant chair as if he were accus-
tomed to sit in it.

"I am sorry to notice that you are
neglecting politics just at this im-
portant period," he said, kindly but
gravely. "You should strive to
keep the vital principles of our party
constantly before the people. I
like your paper in all but its lack
in this respect, and some day, per-
haps at the beginning of next year,
I will subscribe for it. I see it now
every week in Brown's office. If
you would write about five columns
of fresh political editorials every
week you'd see your paper going
right up in circulation. That's what
I told Brown yesterday, and he
agreed with me. A story and a
scientific article occasionally, and a
little local matter and some mar-
riages and death notices to please
the women are all well enough, but
I can tell you that a country paper
to amount to anything and have
any influence, has got to be full on
political matters. That's all I want
to say now. When you want any
points on politics I'll be glad to help
you out. And by the way, don't
forget that I'm a candidate for the
Legislature; good day."

The next visitor who took the
vacant chair that sat in front of
the village editor's desk, spoke as
follows:

"I stepped in to-day, sir, to tell
you that I do not want your paper
any longer. In some respects it is
a good paper, but you do not print
enough news matter. You should
have a full page of news at least.
I don't care anything about your
protective tariff and your tariff for
revenue only, or anything of that
sort. I want the news when I take
the paper. I want a full account of

the murderers and suicides and
railroad collisions and divorce
cases. Don't send me the paper
any longer. I'll come in and pay
you what I owe you when I have
sold my corn. Good day."

And then there came a light step
at the door, and a person wearing
a severe countenance, and a shawl,
came in and took the vacant chair.

"I am very sorry," he said, in
measured tones, and with a fixed
and critical stare at the end of the
editor's nose—"I am very sorry to
notice that you are giving in your
columns so little attention to the
cause of prohibition—the noble
cause of prohibition. You must
rouse yourself upon this great ques-
tion, and give your readers a page
of it weekly. I am not a subscrib-
er to your paper, but I borrow it
every week from my neighbor and I
loan him the Banner of Truth in
exchange. So you will observe that
I have been one of your faithful
readers, and I know just where you
fall short of making a good news
paper. I will leave you a few tracts
from which you should make liber-
al extracts from time to time. You
will notice that this one, entitled
"Dash the Cup Away!" is written by
myself. You are at liberty to print
it in full. And when I come across
anything particularly good in the
columns of the Banner of Truth I'll
cut it out and send it around to you.
You have a grand opportunity to
make your paper grow in circula-
tion and influence, and I hope you
will come boldly to the front on the
right course and no longer continue
to devote your valuable space to
trivial matters. By the way, have
you a few exchanges you are done
with? Ah, that will do thanks.
Good day."

In the door the man in the shawl
passed a person with a merry
twinkle in his eyes.

"I like your paper—it is first
rate," he said, as he dropped into
the vacant chair, "except that it
does not contain humor enough.
Why don't you fill her full of jokes
and bright things by the funny fel-
lows and make your readers laugh?
Nobody cares a cent for those polit-
ical editorials and those scientific
articles, and that stuff about the
tariff you print. That puts me to
sleep. Give us plenty of jokes to
shake a man's liver up and let the
devil take care of itself. That's all.
Be in to see you again when I've
some time; ta, ta."

The next person who took the
vacant chair had a countenance as
solemn as a second-hand-horse.
He didn't look as if he had smiled
more than once in years, and the
village editor took him for an in-
chickener who wanted to advertise
a patent embalming process and
pay in trade.

"Sir," said the solemn man after
a silence that became very painful
to the village editor, "I am grieved
to notice the tone of levity that has
recently pervaded the columns of
your paper and I am compelled to
ask you on that account to take my
name off your list. You seem to
forget that this is a world of calam-
ity and woe and that a spirit of lev-
ity in the press is unseemly, and
tends to draw attention from the
solemn realities of life and near
proximities of death. Last week
you declined to print my article en-
titled "Reflections on the Grave,"
alleging that you did not have
room for it, and then gave nearly
a column of your paper to frivolous
jokes. I do not intend to read any
thing light this year. That is all I
have to say; good afternoon."

The door closed behind the sol-
emn man and then softly opened
again to admit a dreamy-eyed man
with a poetic brow, and general ex-
pression that seemed to indicate
that he wanted something he had
never had and never expected to
have.

"I merely came in to remark," he
began, as he took the vacant chair,
"that you are sadly neglecting the
literary department of your paper.
I not only have noticed it myself,
but several of my friends have
called attention to it. You should
by all means run a continued story
and have from two to three short
stories in each issue. Good stories
is what is the thing that is wanted
to make a village paper popular.—
Everybody you ask will tell you
that. A little news and some local
matter and the marriages and
deaths should be printed, of course;
but you shouldn't let anything
crowd out the stories. I don't take
your paper, but my brother-in-law
does, and I borrow it of him. I
have intended for some time to
mention the matter to you, but
never could think of it when I was
in town before. If you think that
these suggestions are of any value
to you, you may send me your pa-
per gratuitously for a year. Allow
me to bid you good day, sir."

The dreamy-eyed man went out
as softly as a sixty days' note falls
due, and a moment later another
style of person dropped into the va-
cant chair, and spoke thus in tones
that were sharp and quick:

"I don't think that I shall take
your paper another year. You are
not making it as good a paper as
you should with your opportuni-
ties. You are not giving your read-
ers enough local matter. Local
matter should be the chief feature
of the village paper. Everything
else should be made to give way to
local matter. A story now and
then, and a bit of poetry to please
the young folks who are in love,
and a little news matter are well
enough, but if you want to make a
village newspaper a success, you've
got to let yourself out on local mat-
ter. Give the news of your commu-
nity and let the big dailies take

care of the rest of the world. And,
by the way, if you are a little short
of local matter this week, you may
say that I have invented and pat-
ented the most common-sense churn
that has ever been introduced to
the people of this State. I'll be in
again in the course of a few weeks,
and will then pay you my sub-
scription for last year; good day."

The village editor was just slid-
ing under the table, a crushed and
mentally demoralized man, to hide
his head in despair or the waste
basket, or in both, when a loud
knock at the outer door brought
him from his dreams to his waking
senses.

"How are you, old fellow?" cried a
cheery voice, and the Old Sub-
scriber from up the creek took the
village editor by the hand with a
hearty grasp and shook a palm into
the editor's shoulder blade. "And
then the old subscriber from the
creek seated himself in the vacant
chair and merrily spoke thus:

"Well, old boy, you're just giv-
ing us the very best paper we ever
had. A good story every week,
some poetry to please the women
folks, a column or two of fresh
humor to make us laugh and keep our
livers running on regular schedule
time, just about enough of politics,
all the news that is worth a busy
man's time to read, every impor-
tant local event written up in
brief, readable style, and adver-
tisements of all the public sales
and of the stores and shops that
offer us bargains. Yes, sir; your
paper is good enough for me—
worth twice what you ask for it—
and I want to pay you a year's sub-
scription for myself, and here are
four dollars more, for which you
may send